

L I B E R T Y.

1489 d 32.

A

P O E M.

QUEEN

TO THE

QUEEN.

Rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, & quæ sentias
dicere licet.

TACIT. Lib. Hist. I. Cap. I.



L O N D O N :

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L I B R A T Y

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M E O P

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G U E D E



AN INQUIRY INTO THE
CAUSES WHICH PRODUCE
THE VARIOUS DISEASES
OF THE HUMAN BODY

BY J. C. MOORE

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TO THE

QUEEN.

O THEE, blest GUARDIAN of the BRITISH World,
The bright Resemblance, and the highest Pledge
Of GEORGE's Love, while thro' GERMANIA's Realms
He sheds the Blessings of his *Presence* round,
And gladden'd Nations triumph in their Bliss,
The Muse indulg'd her grateful Tribute brings ;
Nor mean the Motives that inspire her Lay.

WHAT fair BRITANNIA to her Sons declar'd
Of LIBERTY's clear Dawn, and *Conscience* freed
From the dread Yoke of Arbitrary Power ;
As on the Summit of a green Ascent
They stood, attentive to her well-known Voice,
Rich clad with Knowledge all, and in each Face
Glow'd just Concern and Friendship for Mankind :
When thus the Sov'reign of the Sea began.

IN vain, my Sons, do Hypocrites attempt
 To force the World to Unity of Faith ;
 'Tis LIBERTY alone whose Sun-like Rays
 Unbind the Thought, and make her Fountains flow,
 'Till all unite in *Charity's* soft Stream.
 Big swells my raptur'd Breast, to hail the Day,
 When the glad Mind may speak her inmost View,
 And, as free Judgment bids, adore her God ;
 Thrice happy State ! from Slavery and Woe
 To *Freedom* rais'd, the Crown of every Hope.

ONCE Princes rul'd, who liv'd but for themselves,
 Whose Hearts ne'er panted for the general Good,
 The black Reverse of all my BRUNSWICK's Line,
 Who loaded Conscience with Tyrannick Chains,
 And quite debas'd the Dignity of Man ;
 Reason, the Beauty of the Works of God,
 The bright Reflection of his own pure Mind,
 The spotless Mirror of all moral Truth,
 Was driv'n from Earth ; and soon usurp'd her Place
 Blind cruel Faith, with Arbitrary Sway,
 The Right Divine of Tyrants and of Priests ;
 Then *Superstition* dire o'erwhelm'd the Globe
 With horrid Night, with Darkness that obscur'd
 All Sense of kind *Humanity* and *Love* ;
 Rejected *Virtue* shed her lonely Tear,
 And silent mourn'd her persecuted Life ;

Then

Then Misery was felt in every Shape
 That Jesuit Hate or lawless Rage could form,
Inquiry was condemn'd, and endless Woe
 Scarce thought enough for those, who dar'd to soar
 Above the narrow Bounds of partial Law ;
 'Twas Merit then and Fame, to thirst for Blood,
 To murder Nations with unpitying Eye,
 And with fierce Pleasure massacre Mankind ;

Such were the *Idols* of the bigot World,
 Who hugg'd their Bondage, as the Gift of Heaven,
 And when the Just in Tortures, ev'n to Death,
 Renounc'd the sacred Fraud, th' inhuman Throng
 With barb'rous Shout insulted every Pain ;
 So died with Freedom all that's worthy Life.

How blest then BRITAIN ! and how Great thy KING !
 Supream of Nations Merciful and Brave,
 Who scorn the Terrors of the *Papal Craft*,
 On whom the martyr'd Saints look down with Joy
 Triumphant all, and feel their Heav'n enlarg'd,
 To see their Suff'rings and their Pray'r fulfill'd ;
 To see the Day when just Devotion's Warmth
 From *Knowledge* flows, and Sense of *Good* in God,
 Whence true Religion, such as JESU'S taught,
 Ev'n Love divine, that makes the *Peace* of Men
 Her constant Aim, that show'r's her Bliss on All,
 And never sees th' Afflicted sigh in vain.

So late my S E N A T E, by this Love inspir'd,
 And God-like Goodness glowing in each Breast,
 Unwearied search'd the black Confines of Woe,
 And gave to Thousands languishing, new Life ;
 Deeds worthy sacred Fame, and which, my S O N S,
 Shall bear your Honour to the Verge of Time,
 Till the last Trump proclaim your full Reward.

FIXT on this View, th' IBERIAN, unchastis'd,
 Has dar'd my Wrath, and I a while withhold
 My fatal Thunder, by less murd'rous Means
 Obtaining Recompense for every Loss.
 Why then do some burn with impetuous Rage,
 And falsely brand me with unwonted Fear ?
 Soon my resistless Arm could force the Foe
 To mourn his Crime too late, but War's fierce Plagues
 Blast not alone the guilty Head : 'Tis best,
 'Tis most like Heav'n to try persuasive Ways,
 To seek by Reason merited Redress,
 Nor shed a Sea of inoffensive Blood,
 And make all EUROPE weep our rash Revenge ;
 So shou'd the Widow's and the Orphan's Cries
 Damp every Transport of reviving Peace,
 Which with Increase of Glory shall return,
 And spread her Banner of establish'd Love
 In better Triumph than from slaughter'd Hosts ;
 Fix'd Concord and free Amity shall raise

Their languid Heads, the Bay shall bloom afresh
 And the chear'd Olive shoot a firmer Branch.
 For this, my SONS, sweet strike the tuneful Lyre,
 Nor slight the Patience that brings noble *Peace* ;
 May some just Bard in never-dying Verse
 My MINISTERS preserve, who, like their PRINCE,
 Look down unmov'd on Envy's loud Despair,
 Regardful only of sure lasting Good ;

BUT Chief of all, sing *Liberty*'s high Bliss,
 Your Right of Speech unlimited, and free
 The Ports of *Knowledge*, and the Paths of *Truth* :
 These are the Sources of your Wisdom ; *These*,
 The fertile Springs whence kind Benevolence
 Streams widely forth, and full refreshes all ;
 By *These* great CLARK enrich'd th' admiring World
 With Heav'n-born Truths that claim sublimest Lays.
 But dwell not on his honour'd Name, nor dare
 To wake the *Royal Grief*, and pain Mankind ;
 So long as BRUNSWICK's Line and Freedom live,
 New CLARKS shall rise, nor want the SOV'REIGN Smile.

So long as *Merit* meets her due Regard,
 And *Justice* only swells the Breath of Fame,
 Shall the mild Virtues of the *Royal Pair*,
 With perfect Lustre shine, and fix your State
 Above the Shock of Time, or baleful Frown

Of Tyrant Wrath, that can distress no more
 By rebel Force, or Mask of holy Zeal,
 'Till publick Love has all its Vigour lost.

FEAR not, my SONS, the Multitude should err:
 From Search impartial ever must result
 Impartial Judgment and Decision just:
 And where victorious *Truth* feels no Confine,
 Soon will she clear the Mists of weak Mistake,
 And the false Tenets of despotic Force
 Unveil, and shew their Enmity to Peace;
 No more shall *Names* enslave th' enlighten'd World,
 Or Zeal for *Forms* contract the generous Breast;
 No more shall Fondness for *Tradition* sink
 The Hearts of Men to Superstitious Dread,
 Or make them hate the *Honest* and *Sincere*,
 Though erring, and of Sentiment diverse.
 All would be of one Mind, if like convinc'd;
 If not, how can they? 'tis not in the Soul
 To force her Thought, and to disown her Sight,
 Is abject Fear more to be shun'd than Death.
 For ever banish'd be *Compulsion* dire,
 From the blest Fields of *Reason* and of *Truth*,
 Where only *Love* and tender *Pity* grow;
 Where fair and pleasant lies the Road to Bliss;
 Nor has kind Heaven obscur'd your best Concern;
 In every Heart is plac'd a Sense of Good,

Whence all may free unsully'd Virtue learn,
And God be known, one pure impartial Mind.

SUCH are thy Joys, O *Liberty*, and such
The gladsome Prospect that my *ALBION* owes
To *GEORGE* and *THEE*; nor small the Honour due
To *CAROLINA*'s Aid, in whose chaste Breast
Thy sweet Perfections fix their blest Abode;
But which the Muse that can her Worth describe,
Or win the Crown where all contend the Prize?
With what indulgent, what religious Care
She forms her *Offspring* like her own *Great Self*,
And in each Bosom plants the publick Wish,
The Godlike Aim to make a happy World,
In every Action meriting th' Esteem
Of fearless Truth, and worthy *BRUNSWICK*'s Love;
Such are the BEAUTIES that adorn her Throne;
Such *FRED'RICK* shines with every parent Grace,
The Hope of Nations, and their future Fame,
Form'd to delight and dignify my Realms.

WHERE-E'ER the Spirit of *true Freedom* reigns,
There every just and perfect Pleasure flows;
There, all secure, and with serene Content
The blissful Fruits of their own Labours reap,
And *Right* and *Pow'r*, and *Property*'s enjoy'd;
Virtue enliven'd smiles, and great Good-will

Sheds

Sheds her sweet Influence o'er the happy Orb ;
 There, skilful *Art* unfolds each lovely Charm,
 Rough *Nature* veil'd, and *Science* fills her View ;
 There, *Trade's* rich Ocean with unnumber'd Fleets
 Rolls proudly forth, and swells her golden Tides ;
 Whate'er is noble, beautiful and good,
 Deliberate Valour, and sagacious Thought,
 Th' indearing Language of immortal Love,
 The Law of Kindness, and the Look of Peace,
 Whate'er enlarges and refines the Soul,
 Whate'er compleats the Happiness of Men,
 There spring spontaneous, and for ever bloom.

THUS spoke the *Freeborn QUEEN*, and with new Joy,
 Flew quick transform'd to BRUNSWICK's much-lov'd Breast :
 Her SONS delightful to their Posts withdrew,
 To every Office, of free social Love,
 And the adven'trous Muse the Vision penn'd.

F I N I S.



